

On All Souls' Day.





HERE is one spot to which the heart of the Catholic Christian turns on this saddest yet most consoling Feast of the Ecclesiastical year, the Day of all Souls. One spot hallowed by associations the most tender, sympathy the most profound, affection the most fervent, sadness the most poignant, tempered though it be by the firmest faith, the sublimest hope, the deepest charity. It is the sacred spot where lie the remains of those who, while they trod this mundane

sphere, were our nearest and dearest, the sharers of our joys and sorrows, now placed, by the solemn mystery of death, in even more tender relations with those whose feet have not yet crossed the silent portals—that place of sanctified repose, so fitly called by our German friends "God's holy acre"—"the voiceless land, the place of graves." Let us, then, turn our steps with the others to yonder churchyard where those—

"Who wait and watch in shadows deep,
And sometimes pray and sometimes weep,
But all in silence—sorrow there
Takes not the imprint of despair,
For all may bathe in that sweet flood—
The cleansing tide of Jesus' blood."

How peacefully they lie beneath the springy, velvet turf, those dear, dead, loved ones vanished long ago! Dead, did I say? Not so. Do we not hear them pathetically welcoming us as we enter the precincts of their silent home? Can we not feel their presence with a vividness and reality that draws a sob from the heart and brings tears to the eyes till we almost fear to breathe a word, even of prayerful import, lest our souls should burst forth in passionate weeping? Now, from station